

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

Complete Publications

# HOPALONG CASSIDY



THE  
**10¢**  
SERIES



IN THIS ISSUE: **THE EMPTY SIX-SHOOTER!**

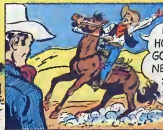
# "Rocky" Lane BAGS THE GOLD BANDITS

OH, OH, BLACKJACK!  
LOOKS LIKE MORE  
TROUBLE!



"ROCKY" LANE and BLACK JACK—top action Western team at Republic Pictures. See this famous pair at your favorite movie.

BANDITS  
HOLDING UP  
GOLD STAGE  
NEAR BIG  
SMOKEY  
SMELTER!



HA! TEN BARS O'  
PURE GOLD. LET'S  
MAKE TRACKS FOR  
THE BORDER!



THEY'LL GO FOR THE  
BORDER. I'LL TAKE  
SUICIDE PASS  
AND HEAD  
'EM OFF.



THERE THEY COME.  
WE'LL STRING A ROPE  
ACROSS DEATH  
BEND CURVE.



"Rocky" spots Gold Stage  
carrying heavy gold bars  
roaring toward the border.

THEY WON'T SEE THAT  
ROPE UNTIL THEY'RE  
ATOP IT. WE'LL GET  
'EM BY SURPRISE.



IT'S ALL OVER BOYS COME  
REAL PEACEFUL LIKE.



THERE'S A BIG  
REWARD FOR  
THEM CRITTERS.  
"ROCKY."



THE REWARD I  
WANT IS A SMOOTH,  
REFRESHIN'  
CARNATION  
MALT.

The gold safe, the grateful owner of  
Big Smokey Smelter treats "Rocky"  
to a Carnation Malt.

SINGLE-HANDER,  
"ROCKY," HOW DID  
YOU DO IT?

EASY! I KEEP UP MY  
STRENGTH WITH THESE  
GOOD CARNATION  
MALTS



DRINK MY FAVORITE,  
CARNATION MALTED MILK.  
SWELL TASTIN' AND CHUCK  
FULL OF ENERGY AND  
MUSCLE-BUILDING FOOD.  
THEY'RE A CINCINCH TO  
MAKE RIGHT AT HOME  
ANYTIME. ASK YOUR MOM  
TO GET CARNATION  
MALTED MILK TODAY.



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Chocolate and Natural  
In thrifty 1-lb. jars.





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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

## HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

and the  
**COUNTERFEIT  
CALAMITY!**

THIS IS THE COUNTERFEITER'S DEN,  
ALL RIGHT! HOW? THEY'VE COME  
BACK! I'M TRAPPED!

IT'S HOPALONG! HE'S FOUND  
US OUT! SHOOT HIM! PRONTO!

BANG!  
BANG!

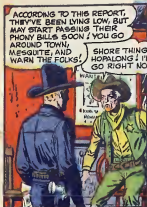
ON THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN  
TWIN RIVER ----

LISTEN TO THIS, MESQUITE! IT'S  
IMPORTANT! I'VE JUST BEEN  
NOTIFIED BY THE CHIEF MARSHAL  
TO BE ON THE WATCH FOR A GANG  
OF COUNTERFEITERS WHO'VE BEEN  
OPERATING IN  
THIS TERRITORY  
LATELY!

COUNTERFEITERS!

When Hopalong Cassidy, Twin River's famed, fighting sheriff, gets on the trail of a gang of trigger-happy counterfeiters, there's a million dollars worth of action, danger and excitement!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD



ACCORDING TO THIS REPORT, THEY'VE BEEN LYING LOW, BUT MAY START PASSING THEIR PHONY BILLS SOON! YOU GO AROUND TOWN, MESQUITE, AND WARN THE FOLKS!

SHORE THING, HOPALONG! I'LL GO RIGHT NOW!



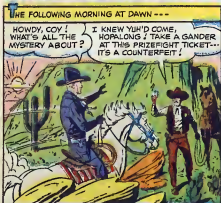
SHORTLY AFTER ---

HOWDY, CASSIDY! HYAR'S A LETTER FROM SHERIFF COY OF MULE CREEK!

THANKS! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS!



THIS SOUNDS URGENT! I'LL BE THERE!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT DAWN ---

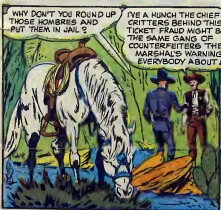
HOWDY, COY! WHAT'S ALL THE MYSTERY ABOUT?

I KNEW YU'D COME, HOPALONG! TAKE A GANDER AT THIS PRIZEFIGHT TICKET-- IT'S A COUNTERFEIT!



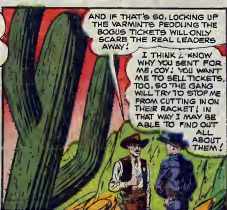
COUNTERFEIT?

A FEW STRANGERS HAVE BEEN SELLING THESE PHONY TICKETS IN MULE CREEK THE LAST FEW DAYS! I FOUND OUT ABOUT IT YESTERDAY! THE ONLY PLACE THE REAL TICKETS ARE SOLD IS AT THE ARENA!



WHY DON'T YOU ROUND UP THOSE HOMBRES AND PUT THEM IN JAIL?

I'VE A HUNCH THE CHIEF CRITTERS BEHIND THIS TICKET FRAUD MIGHT BE THE SAME GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS THE MARSHAL'S WARNING EVERYBODY ABOUT!



AND IF THAT'S SO, LOCKING UP THE VARMINTS PEDDLING THE BOGUS TICKETS WILL ONLY SCARE THE REAL LEADERS AWAY!

I THINK I KNOW WHY YOU BENT FOR ME, COY! YOU WANT ME TO SELL TICKETS, TOO, SO THE GANG WILL TRY TO STOP ME FROM CUTTING IN ON THEIR RACKET! IN THAT WAY I MAY BE ABLE TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT THEM!

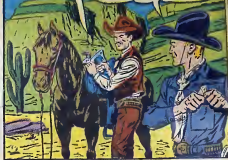
THAT'S EXACTLY  
WHAT I HAD IN MIND,  
HOPALONG! I CAN'T  
SELL TICKETS BECAUSE  
EVERYONE IN TOWN  
KNOWS I'M THE  
SHERIFF!

AND NOBODY KNOWS  
ME! I'LL PUT THIS  
SHERIFF'S BADGE IN  
MY POCKET AND  
THEN I'LL BE ALL SET!



GOOD! HYAR'S  
A BATCH OF  
REAL TICKETS!

BUT IF THE GANG ASKS ME,  
I'LL TELL THEM THEY'RE  
COUNTERFEIT, TOO! I  
RECKON THAT'S THE BEST  
WAY TO DRAW THEM OUT!



LATER, THAT EVENING ---

THESE TWO COYOTES FOLLOWING  
ME MUST BE THE VARMINTS  
SELLING THE PHONY TICKETS! WELL,  
I'LL SOON FIND OUT! I CAME TO  
THIS DESERTED SECTION OF  
TOWN SO THEY WOULDN'T  
BE AFRAID TO  
TACKLE ME!



HOLD UP,  
COWPOKE!  
WE AIM TO  
TALK TO  
YOU!

YOU MEAN YOU  
WANT TO BUY  
SOME TICKETS  
FOR THE BIG  
FIGHT NEXT  
WEEK!



NO! WE'RE SELLING PHONY  
TICKETS, TOO,  
AND WE WERE  
HYAR BEFORE  
YUH! SO  
BEAT IT!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
BE A SMART  
FELLER AND  
WAMOOSE BEFORE  
WE GET ROUGH!



YOU DON'T SCARE ME! I  
DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE  
WORKING THE SAME  
DEAL! I'LL DO WHAT  
I LIKE!

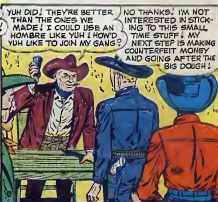
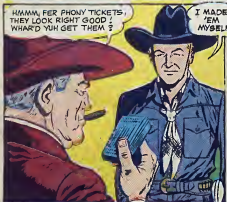
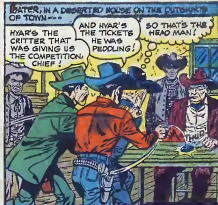
OH YEAH! I RECKON  
WE'LL HAVE TO LEARN  
YUH DIFFERENT!



UGH!

I'LL LET THEM THINK THEY KNOCKED  
ME OUT! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE ME  
TO THEIR LEADER AND I'LL FIND OUT  
IF THEY'RE REALLY THE COUNTER-  
FEITERS OR JUST CHEAP  
SWINDLERS!





IT'S GETTING LATE! YUH CAN BUNK WITH US FROM NOW ON! JUST TAKE ANY ROOM YUH WANT UPSTAIRS!

THANKS! I RECKON I'LL TURN IN NOW! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!



AFTER HOPALONG GOES UPSTAIRS--

HAVE YUH GONE PLUMB LOCO, CHIEF, TELLING SO MUCH TO A STRANGER? HOW DO YUH KNOW HE CAN BE TRUSTED?

YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS!



IF HE'S ON THE LEVEL, WE'LL HAVE GAINED A GOOD HOMBRE FER OUR GANG! IF HE'S A LAWDOG, HE'LL TRY TO BEAT IT DURING THE NIGHT TO ROUND UP A POSSE AND COME AFTER US, BUT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT IT---

... BECAUSE TWO OF YUH ARE GOING TO STAND GUARD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE! IF YUH SEE HIM TRYING TO SNEAK AWAY, THAT'LL PROVE HE'S A LAWMAN, AND WE'LL KILL HIM!



MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS--

I'VE FOUND OUT ALL I HAVE TO KNOW! LATER ON, WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP, I'M GOING TO SNEAK OUT AND RIDE TO COY WITH THE NEWS! THEN WE'LL ROUND UP A POSSE AND CLEAN UP THIS GANG!



LATER THAT NIGHT---

I RECKON EVERYBODY'S ASLEEP BY NOW. I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL I DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE AND WAKEN SOME OF THOSE VARMINTS!



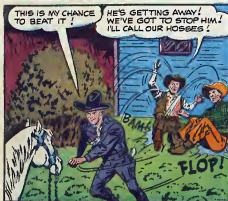
BUT AS HOPALONG TIPTOES TOWARD TOPPER--

LOOK! THAR HE IS!

THAT PROVES HE'S A LAWDOG! GET HIM! PRONTO!

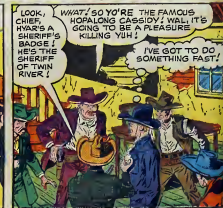
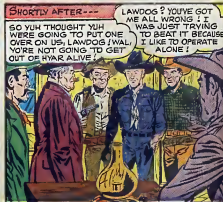


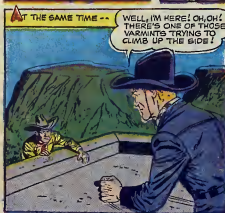
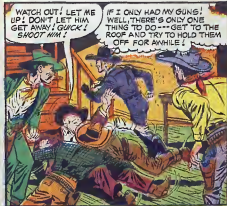




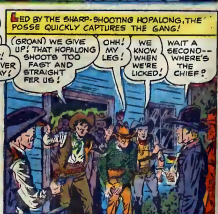
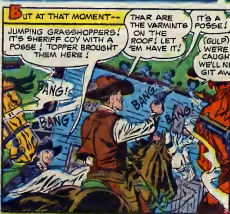


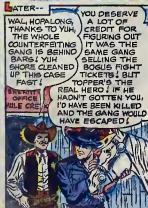
# HOPALONG CASSIDY





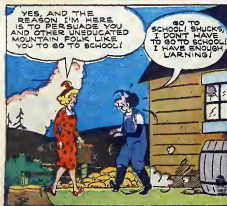
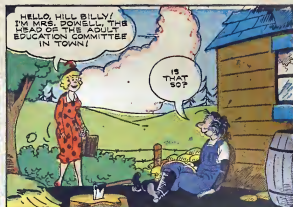
# HOPALONG CASSIDY







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now revealed by

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# GOLDEN FURY

By William Shelton

**C**ROUCHED behind a tall boulder, Carson Jim peered cautiously over the rimrock. Just below, he could see a tough looking, red-faced hombre roughing up his small mountain camp—searching for something. Carson himself had spent almost a year in these hills, looking for something. He'd finally found it. This man was not going to take it away from him.

He reached instinctively for his long rifle, which lay beside him, but before he could bring it up into shooting position, he heard a swift boot scuff behind him.

He turned. A tall, heavy-set man with an unshaven face and dirty clothes, looked down at him and swung a forty-five pistol around to cover him. "Just hold it, mister."

Carson kicked himself mentally. He hadn't counted on a pard of the man below, scouting the fringe of the camp—looking for him. But now it was too late.

The man made a motion with his iron. "Up," he growled. "I think Bat will be pleased to see you."

Carson rose and, with the forty-five aimed at his back, he went down the narrow trail and into his camp. Carson looked hard at the man who'd been searching so frantically. "Reckon you gents are lookin' for somethin' mighty important."

The red-faced man called Bat stepped toward Carson. "So you're Carson Jim, eh? Heerd about you in town." He scratched his chin thoughtfully. "We know all about your findin' the lost Golden Fury mine. Yuh sent your partner down to Rimsight to file the claim. We happened to be in town when he was braggin'! Now we're claimin' the claim!" He guffawed at his own joke.

Carson looked from one hardened face to the other. "Strangers in town, eh?"

Bat squinted. "So what? We kin smell gold when it's near, eh, Turk?"

The man with the gun trained on Carson nodded. "You bet!"

Desperate men, thought Carson. Outlaws on the prod. They'd stop at nothing to get what they wanted. There'd be no stalling for very

long with them.

"Where is this mine?" Turk demanded.

Carson gave a little laugh. "I'm afraid you boys are barkin' up the wrong tree. I'm a hunter, not a prospector!"

Bat reached forward, grabbed Carson's bright red plaid shirt front and pulled him against his body, hard. "Why, you dirty mountain grubber—start talkin', or we'll find a way to make yuh talk!"

Carson's big hand balled into a fist. But he saw the hopelessness in it almost instantly. How could he jump two hard-faced men who already had the drop on him? He shrugged. "Kill me and you get nothing!"

That old fool Hank Dunhill, he thought. He'd made a mistake throwing in with the old prospector in the first place. Especially, he made a mistake sending him down to Rimsight with the news. He might have known the old fool would talk too much.

The shadows of twilight began to spread their pointed fingers over the mountainside. The setting sun made a feeble effort to dispel them. Slowly it grew darker.

Carson pointed toward the mountain top. "Somewhere up there," he said. "Too dark now. We'll start in the morning."

"Suits me, but no funny stuff," Bat said threateningly.

Later, the two outlaws sat around the fire after supper and dreamed. "Golden Fury," murmured Bat. "Must've been discovered by those Spanish guys . . . and then lost to everybody."

"We'll live like dudes," breathed Turk. "No more on the prod, dodging the law, duckin' towns and jails. We'll show 'em!"

Carson had his own brand of thoughts. He envisioned his fingers closing tightly around the scrawny neck of old Hank. He could visualize the old prospector in town, babbling the news. The gabbing fool. Finally, Bat went off to sleep, leaving Turk to guard Carson. And when morning came, Carson felt himself being shaken roughly.

"Come on, wake up," Bat cried. "You're takin' us to gold and fortune! Git up!"



After breakfast, Carson threw a hurried pack together, then as the sun rose higher, he led the two outlaws up the narrow trail leading to Round Hat Peak. All the way up the steady climb, Bat and Turk spoke together in low tones. Carson knew they were settling his fate between them. Once he showed them the place, he knew they'd pump a few shots into him. That would be the end.

Just before noon they reached a big clearing. The clearing was spread at the base of the topmost peak. The peak sat back a bit, its sides pitted with caves and set with huge boulders here and there. An occasional scrawny jack-pine jutted up.

"This is it," announced Carson finally.

Carson hesitated, drew closer to Bat. "Look, Bat, I've done my part. How about bein' fair? Give me a chance to make a break when I've shown you."

Bat grinned evilly. "A break? Oh, sure. I was figgering to do just that. Now exactly where is it?"

Carson pointed toward a huge boulder, plainly marked in chalk with a big X. The boulder was jammed tight against an entrance to one of the many caves. "Behind that boulder, you'll find the Golden Fury," he said quietly.

Bat gasped. "So that's it, eh? Yuh jammed a boulder in the mouth of the cave to hide it, eh? Clever!"

The other outlaw, Turk, was looking too. Both pairs of eyes were greedily on that boulder.

"I'll move th' rock, Turk," Bat said. "You stay here and after I get the rock rolled back from the cave, give this crazy fool his break. . . ." He glared evilly at Carson. ". . . no more than three yards! Then let him have it!"

Anger surged inside Carson. He'd expected this. He watched Bat go toward the boulder. He saw him place his heavy shoulder against it and heave hard. The rock didn't budge at first. But gradually, it gave slightly. Bat rocked it back and forth to get momentum. Then with a mighty heave he pushed and strained and grunted against the great weight. The boulder swayed and rolled back, revealing the black yawning mouth of the cave.

"Look!" Bat shouted. "The cave—and it's ours! The Golden Fury!"

The shouts of triumph died in his throat. For a great moving ball of dirty yellow color sprang from out of the black cave mouth.

It sprang toward the startled Bat. Instantly, the air was filled with snarls of pent-up hunger and fury. Great yellowed fangs chopped

viciously. Big, terrible claws raked and slashed unmercifully at Bat.

"M-mountain lion!" screamed Bat.

Turk was watching the action, amazed and petrified. Carson jumped. Knocked him back. Carson followed up swiftly, hard fists pummeling into the outlaw's amazed face. His gun clattered to the ground. Instantly, Carson scooped it up, waved Turk to one side. Then, taking careful aim at the great raging animal, Carson triggered the forty-five, twice in quick succession.

The beast stopped dead in mid-air, let out a high pitched scream and slumped at Bat's feet. Dazedly, the outlaw looked up at Carson. He saw the gun and raised his arms slowly. "Tricked," he grated. "Tricked!"

"You tricked yourself, Bat," Carson smiled easily.

"What do you mean? How'd we know there was a mountain lion guarding the entrance to the mine?" Bat demanded.

"Who said anything about a mine, Bat?"

The outlaw stared dumbly. "Why, that old coot who brought the news that . . . he . . ."

Carson smiled again. "You need new ears, Bat—both of you. What old Hank said was *that I had trapped the Golden Fury in an old mine up here!*"

He waited for that to sink into the dazed minds. "You see, the Golden Fury was a mountain lion—that one over there. The cowpokes in town dubbed him that because of his color. That's how I knew you and your pal here were strangers in town. Otherwise you'd have known this lion—Golden Fury—was attacking cattle herds and had even killed some men on the range below. I was hired by the townspeople and ranchers to track this varmint down and destroy it. I happened to run across this Hank Dunhill, a prospector up here, and when I finally trapped the critter in that cave, I sent him down to tell the townsfolk!"

"Then you're really just a hunter?" Bat asked. "And we had all this work for nothing!"

"Not exactly nothin', Bat."

CARSON smiled and said, "Matter of fact, I'm kind of glad you happened along. You and your pal are gonna lug that critter down to town, for which I'll collect the bounty. And add to that the reward I'll probably get for you two . . ." Carson winked. "No, Bat, not for nothin'—matter of fact, it's not bad, not bad. . . ."

THE END



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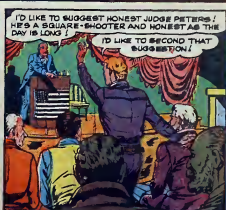
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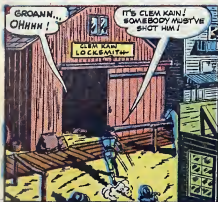
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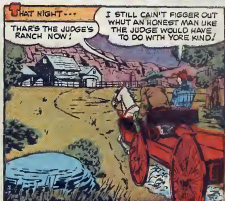
STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

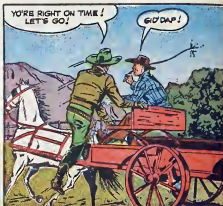
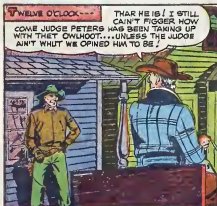
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THE  
MISSING  
KEY!



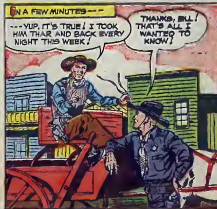
WILLIAMS





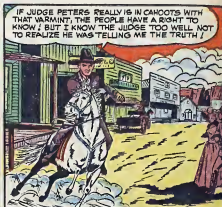
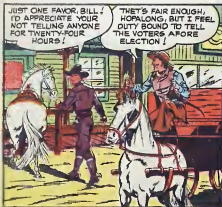


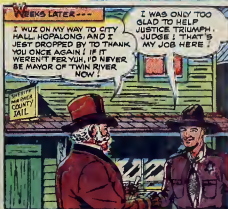
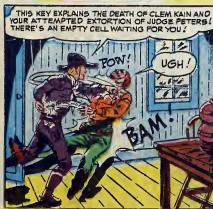
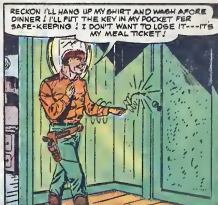






# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY

## and THE DUMMY DILEMMA *A Mesquite Story*

STARRING  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

WHAT'S THAT YUH  
SAY, FERDINAND? -- YUH  
LET YORE PIG SLEEP  
WITH YUH! TSK, TSK,  
THAT ISN'T  
HEALTHY!

THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT -- MY  
PIG'S GETTING  
USED TO IT!

HO, HO! THAT  
GREAT GABBO  
IS SHORE A FUNNY  
HOMBRE, HOPALONG!

HE SURE IS, MESQUITE!  
HE'S THE BEST VENTRILOQUIST  
I'VE EVER SEEN! HE DOESN'T  
EVEN MOVE HIS LIPS THE  
SLIGHTEST BIT WHEN HE  
MAKES HIS DUMMY  
TALK!

HA! HA!

HEE? HEE?

TEE HEE!

THE  
GREAT  
GABBO  
and his  
DUMMY,  
Ferdinand

SAY, I JEST GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA!  
WHEN THE SHOW'S OVER, I'M GOING  
TO ASK THE GREAT GABBO TO  
COME OUT TO WIDDER JONES'  
HOUSE FER DINNER! SHE  
JEST INHERITED TWO  
THOUSAND DOLLARS  
AND THAT'LL MAKE  
IT A FESTIVE  
OCCASION!

GOOD  
IDEA!

When the show is over...

I'M GOING BACKSTAGE  
NOW AND ASK GABBO IF  
HE'LL COME, HOPPY!  
IT'D BE A NICE  
TREAT FER  
THE WIDDER!

I'M SURE  
HE WILL,  
MESQUITE!  
SEE YOU  
LATER!

HOPALONG!  
COME HYAR,  
FRONTO!

SURE!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?





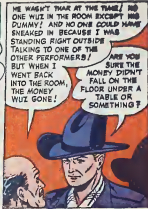
ALL THE MONEY I TOOK IN FROM THE SHOW TODAY IS GONE! IT'S BEEN STOLEN! BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



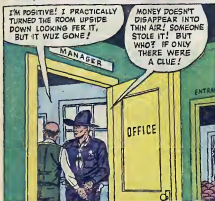
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! AFTER I CLOSED THE BOX OFFICE, I TOOK THE MONEY BACKSTAGE! I HAD IT IN MY HANDS ALL THE TIME EXCEPT FOR THE FEW MOMENTS I LEFT IT IN THE GREAT GABBO'S ROOM!

YOU LEFT THE MONEY IN GABBO'S ROOM! MAYBE HE TOOK IT!



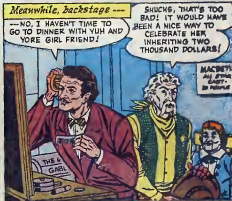
HE WASN'T THAR AT THE TIME! NO ONE WUZ IN THE ROOM EXCEPT HIS DUMMY! AND NO ONE COULD HAVE SNEAKED IN BECAUSE I WAS STANDING RIGHT OUTSIDE TALKING TO ONE OF THE OTHER PERFORMERS! BUT WHEN I WENT BACK INTO THE ROOM, THE MONEY WUZ GONE!

ARE YOU SURE THE MONEY DIDN'T FALL ON THE FLOOR UNDER A TABLE OR SOMETHING?



I'M POSITIVE! I PRACTICALLY TURNED THE ROOM UPSIDE DOWN LOOKING FER IT, BUT IT WUZ GONE!

MONEY DOESN'T DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR! SOMEONE STOLE IT! BUT WHO? IF ONLY THERE WERE A CLUE!



Meanwhile, backstage ---

---NO, I HAVEN'T TIME TO GO TO DINNER WITH YUH AND YORE GIRL FRIEND!

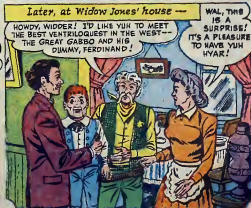
SHUCKS, THAT'S TOO BAD! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A NICE WAY TO CELEBRATE HER INHERITING TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!



WHAT! THE WOMAN INHERITED TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT'S DIFFERENT!

ER -- I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! I'LL BE GLAD TO GO!

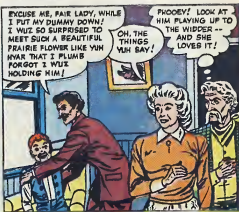
YUH WILL? YIPPEE! LET'S GO!

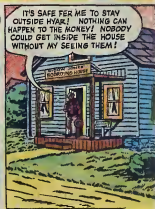
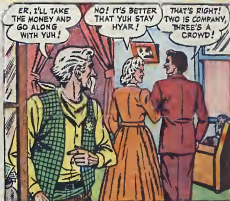
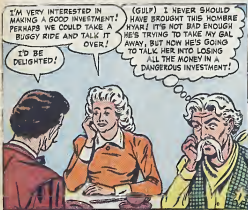


Later, at Widow Jones' house ---

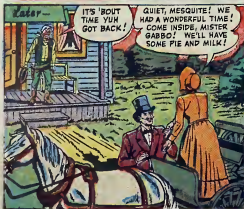
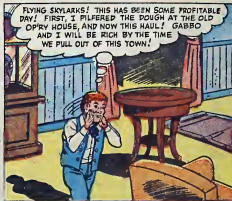
HOWDY, WIDDER! I'D LIKE YUH TO MEET THE BEST VENTRILOQUIST IN THE WEST--- THE GREAT GABBO AND HIS DUMMY, FERDINAND!

WAL, THIS IS A SURPRISE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO HAVE YUH HYAR!

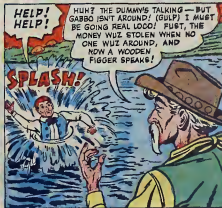
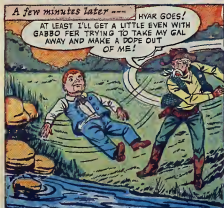
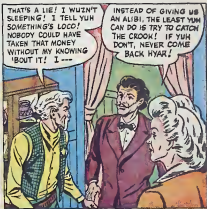


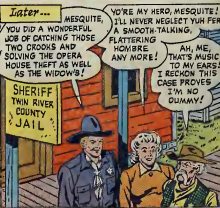
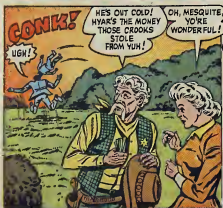
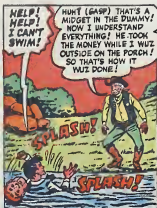












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Do you want birthstone? Yes ☐ No ☐  
If Yes, give month of birth \_\_\_\_\_  
NAME FOR BRACELET \_\_\_\_\_ (See letters on back)  
WRIST SIZE Large ☐ small ☐

**F** OR  
**A** DVENTURE  
**W** ITH  
**C** OLOR  
**E** XCITEMENT, AND  
**T** OPS IN  
**T** HRILLS

**C** ALL FOR  
**O** NLY FAWCETT  
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**S** ENSATIONS!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

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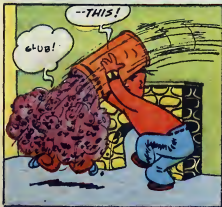
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# BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW "THE LAST FIGHT"





# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring  
WILLIAM BOYD

## and The EMPTY SIX-SHOOTER

Trail-blazing after a two-gun desperado, HOPALONG CASSIDY, Twin River's ace sheriff pursues death with empty chambers in his six-shooter!



IN THE HILLS

ONCE I PICK UP HOPALONG AND MESQUITE AT THE CROSSROADS, I'LL FEEL SAFER! CARRYING THIS MUCH GOLD MAKES ME KIND O' UNEASY!



(GULP) OUTLAWS! THEY'RE AFTER THE BULLION... GIDDAP! GIDDAP!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY



UGH!---THEY GOT ME!

WHOA!



I'LL GIT THE GOLD AND PASS IT DOWN TO YUH! YUH CAN PUT IT ON MY HORSE!

GIT A MOVE ON, JINK! THAR'S NO TELLING HOW FAR THOSE SHOTS CARRIED!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER.....

I THOUGHT I HEARD GUNSHOTS, MESQUITE! I WAS RIGHT--- LOOK!

THE CRITTERS GOT AWAY WITH THE GOLD, TOO!



(GULP) LOOK--- IT'S THE SHERIFF, HOPALONG CASSIDY!

HE CAN'T GO AFTER ALL OF US! THE THING TO DO IS SEPARATE!



THE LITTLE SAGE RAT HAS THE GOLD, MESQUITE! HE'S THE ONE WE'LL GO AFTER! YOU'RE RIGHT, HOPPY! HE'S GOT A BIG HEAD START, BUT WE'LL GIT HIM!



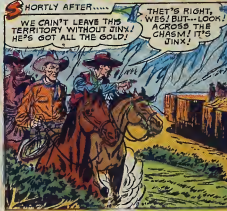
WHOA, MESQUITE! WE CAN'T GO THROUGH THERE WITHOUT EXPOSING OURSELVES AS PERFECT TARGETS! HE'D PICK US OFF AS WE RODE THROUGH!

HE SHORE WOULD!



THIS IS THE ONLY EXIT HE CAN TAKE TO GET OUT---EXCEPT BY JUMPING OVER DEATH CHASM! AND HE DOESN'T LOOK THE TYPE FOR THAT! WE'LL TAKE TURNS STANDING GUARD AND GET HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT! I'LL GUARD FIRST! YOU CAN RELIEVE ME LATER!

OKAY, HOPALONG! I'LL HEAD BACK TO TOWN!



SHORTLY AFTER..... WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS TERRITORY WITHOUT JINK! HE'S GOT ALL THE GOLD!

THAT'S RIGHT, WES! BUT---LOOK! ACROSS THE CHASM! IT'S JINK!

THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY MUST'VE CUT HIM OFF! THEY'VE GOT HIM CORNERED!

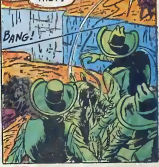


WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE HIM SOMEHOW! I'LL TOSS HIM A LASSO!

OH, OH! HIS CRONIES ARE COMING TO HIS RESCUE!



(GULP) THE SHERIFF MUST'VE SPOTTED THE ROPE! NOBODY BUT HOPALONG CASSIDY COULD SHOOT LIKE THAT!



BANG!



I CAN'T GO AFTER THOSE HOMBRES WITHOUT PROVIDING THAT CRITTER WITH AN EASY ESCAPE! RIGHT NOW HE'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE OTHERS!



SHORTLY AFTER...

IT'S TIME I RELIEVED YUH, HOPALONG!

THANKS, MESQUITE! HE'S BOUND TO GET TIRED BEFORE WE DO! I'LL BE BACK AGAIN LATER!



A LITTLE SHUT-EYE SHOULD DO ME SOME GOOD! IF WE'RE GOING TO TAKE TURNS STANDING GUARD AT DEAD END PASS!



KNOCK! KNOCK!

I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE AT THE FRONT DOOR!?



HOWDY! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, STRANGER?

I HOPE SO, PARDNER! I'M NEW 'ROUND HYAR AND I LOST MY WAY!

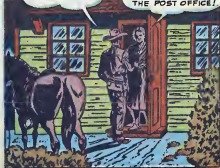


I WUZ AIMING TO GO TO PUSTY VALLEY, BUT SOMEHOW I LOST MY LANDMARKS!

JUST HEAD STRAIGHT THROUGH TWIN RIVER AND TAKE THE FIRST RIGHT TURN PAST THE POST OFFICE!

IT'S SHORE HOSPITABLE OF YUH TO TAKE THE TIME TO HELP OUT A STRANGER! THANKS!

YOU'RE WELCOME!



MEANYWHILE... WHILE NED'S KEEPING HOPALONG BUSY ASKING DIRECTIONS, I KIN REMOVE ALL THE BULLETS FROM HIS GUNS!



HE'S GONNA BE MIGHTY SURPRISED WHEN HE STARTS FIRING THEM SIX-SHOOTERS. O' HIS!



IN A FEW MINUTES.....

HI, NED! EVERYTHING WENT OFF FINE ON MY END! HOW'D YUH DO?

PERFECT! WAIT TILL HE TRIES TO USE THET LASSO HE KEEPS ON HIS HOSS! HAW, HAW!



WE'LL WRITE A NOTE TO JINX TELLING HIM IT'S SAFE TO COME THROUGH WHEN HE HEARS TWO SHOTS! HOPALONG WILL BE A PUSH-OVER!

A GOOD IDEA! LET'S GO!



SHORTLY AFTER.....

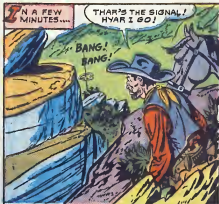
OKAY, MESQUITE! I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

THANKS, HOPPY! IT SHORE GITS LONESOME HYAR JUST SITTING AND WAITING FER SOMETHING TO HAPPEN!

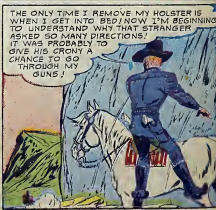


IF ANYTHING DOES START TO HAPPEN, I HAVE THESE GUNS READY! THAT SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY LANGUAGE THOSE CRITTERS UNDERSTAND!

SO LONG, HOPPY! SEE YOU LATER!

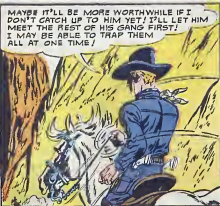


# HOPALONG CASSIDY





THE POLECAT HAS A TREMENDOUS HEAD START, AND EVEN IF I CAUGHT UP TO HIM, I'D HAVE TO FACE HIS GUNS WITH MY EMPTY SIX-SHOOTERS!



MAYBE IT'LL BE MORE WORTHWHILE IF I DON'T CATCH UP TO HIM YET! I'LL LET HIM MEET THE REST OF HIS GANG FIRST! I MAY BE ABLE TO TRAP THEM ALL AT ONE TIME!



THAR YUH ARE! I OPINE WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT HOPALONG ANYMORE!

IN FACT, I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM CATCH UP TO US! IT'D GIVE US A CHANCE TO VENTILATE HIS CARCASS WITHOUT ANY DANGER O' HIS RETURNING THE FIRE!

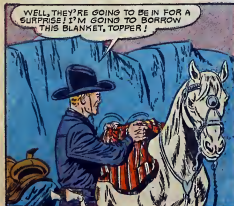


THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I'D CARE TO MEET UP WITH HOPALONG CASSIDY--ME WITH GUNS AND HIM WITHOUT 'EM!

HE WON'T BE AIMING TO TANGLE WITH US WHILE HIS GUNS ARE OF NO USE TO HIM! I OPINE IT'LL BE SAFE IF WE CAMP DOWN AT THE BOTTOM O' THE HILL FER THE NIGHT!



THOSE CRITTERS ARE PRETTY COCKY! KNOWING THAT I HAVE EMPTY GUNS, THEY THINK THEY ARE SAFE!

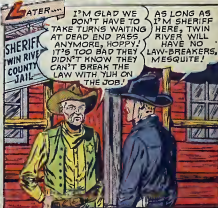
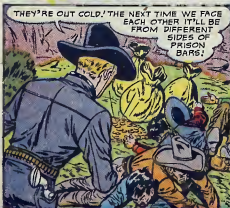


WELL, THEY'RE GOING TO BE IN FOR A SURPRISE! I'M GOING TO BORROW THIS BLANKET, TOPPER!



I OPINE IT'S TIME WE DIVIDED THE LOOT! REMEMBER, IT'S A FOUR-WAY SPLIT!

THAT'S WHUT WE AGREED ON! START DIVVING! I'M PLUMB ANXIOUS TO GIT MY HANDS ON MY SHARE!



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to own the new

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William Boyd as  
Hopalong Cassidy

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Model 4417

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Radio Display in your favorite  
store NOW!

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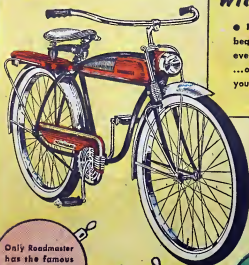




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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

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## HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

and the  
COUNTERFEIT  
CALAMITY!

THIS IS THE COUNTERFEITER'S DEN,  
ALL RIGHT! NOW P THEY'VE COME  
BACK! I'M TRAPPED!

IT'S HOPALONG! HE'S FOUND  
US OUT! SHOOT HIM! PRONTO!

BANG!  
BANG!

Hopalong #9 #50  
Cassidy

FAW  
CVLS

12/50

TYLER-BELTIN ON CAMERO  
WARDMAN

CMQ-HILLIEN TYPES

PPPAVY

BELTIN + TYLER, SAME  
FUBOLE

When Hopalong  
on the trail,  
million doles

HOPALONG

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